

Big Price for a Broken Heart.

Not long since a Danville, Ill., jury ordered the male defendant in a breach of promise case to pay the competent sum of \$54,333.33 to the afflicted fair one. Though it is a pretty high estimate of blighted affection, there is another estimate which, if not in dollars and cents exactly as high, yet in general consideration of excellence reaches as lofty an altitude. This is the estimate of the people as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for constipation. The action of this gentle but effective laxative is never accompanied by the griping so marked in the operation of most cathartics. It is an incomparable remedy for and preventive of malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and a promoter of appetite and sleep.

Same One.
Tornado Tom—So Ike's gone to visit his father, has he? That must have been his uncle, then, who we lynched year ago last for horse stealing.
Sheriff (of Tombstone)—Oh, no; that was his father. That's the fellow he's gone to visit.

MAGICALLY EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN OF ALL AGES

FREE TO ALL MEN
NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Wonderful appliance and scientific remedy sent on trial to any reliable man. A world-wide reputation back of this offer. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Full strength, development and tone given to every portion of the body. Failure impossible; age no barrier. No C. O. D. scheme.

Outrageous.
Clara—Well, what have your photographs come from Mr. Snapperschotte's? Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence.
"Gracious! What was it?"
"Why on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Always Proves Effective.

There are no better medicines on the market than Chamberlain's. We have used the Cough Remedy when all others failed, and in every instance it proved effective. Almost daily we hear the virtues of Chamberlain's remedies extolled by those who have used them. This is not an empty puff, paid for as much as a line, but is voluntarily given in good faith, in the hope that suffering humanity may try these remedies and, like the writer, be benefited.—From the Glenville (W. Va.) Pathfinder. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

An Unfaithful Lover.

"I began the long-haired young man, with the usual vowel, I am an ardent lover of nature."
"But your picture," said the stubby-whiskered man, "show that you are not true to her."

Took a Severe Cold After the Big Fire.

After the big fire in Cripple Creek, I took a very severe cold and tried many remedies without help; the cold only becoming more settled. After using three small bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, both the cold and cough left me, and in this high altitude it takes a meritorious cough remedy to do any good.—G. B. HENDERSON, Editor Daily Advertiser, Cripple Creek, Colo. Sold by A. C. Ireland.

They Could Find Him.

"If they really want to find that man Andree," said the man with the weary look in his eyes, "I know two gentlemen who would locate him right away."
"Collectors?" remarked the man in the corner significantly.
And the tired looking man, nodded sorrowfully.

Book of Forms.

Lawyers will find the Book of Forms for pleadings, adapted to the new code, one of the most convenient and useful works in their practice. The New Max has this work on sale at the publishers' price, \$5.

CHICAGO SPECIAL.

One Night, Denver to Chicago.

The Burlington Denver's famous train, the Chicago Special, will be restored Sunday, February 24, to New York.

It will leave Denver at 10 a. m. (after arrival of the D. & R. G. train from the West) reaching Chicago at 2:15 p. m. next day—in ample time to connect with the fast afternoon trains for the East.

Chicago will be reached twenty-seven and a quarter and New York in fifty-four and a half hours after leaving Denver.

The "Chicago Special" is the only "one night on the road" train between Denver and Chicago—the only fast east-bound morning train out of Denver—the only Denver-Chicago train making close connections at Chicago with afternoon trains for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and all other eastern cities.

Its equipment consists of sleeping, reclining chair, dining and smoking cars. Meals are served on the European plan—you pay only for what you order.

The Chicago Special will be in addition to and in no way interfere with the Burlington's "Vestibule Flyer," which will continue to leave Denver at 9:30 p. m., reaching Omaha at 4 p. m. the next afternoon, and Chicago at 8:30 the following morning.

For tickets and full information call at office of connecting lines or write to G. W. Valley, general agent, 1039 17th St., Denver.

Dr. Gunn's

For People That Are Sick or "Just Don't Feel Well."

It is only one for the people who are sick or "just don't feel well." It is a small box of capsules, each one a little pill, and it is a great relief to the sick.

She Knew Papa.

She—When you go to ask papa, the first thing he will do will be to accuse you of seeking my hand merely to become his son-in-law.
He—Yes? And then—
"And then you must agree with him. He's a lot prouder of himself than he is of me."

The Voice of Experience.

"What a dear little craft that wife of yours is, eh, Dobson, old boy?"
"Dear? I should say so; she's so dear I call her my revenue-cutter."

OLD AGE.

It may be, when this city of the nine gates is broken down by ruinous old age, and no one upon any pilgrimage comes knocking on our door for an audience waits and no bright, rosy troops of handi-moods ride out on the brave fall of any quest, but waiting in the restful shadow of rest, hovering upon the city broods—It may be, then, that those remembering And sleepless watchers on the crumbling towers—
Shall lose the count of the disastrous hours Which may have grown tired of reckoning.—Arthur Symonds in Athenaeum.

THE POSTAL THIEF.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

As a postoffice inspector I did not hear of the doings at Shelby until two or three of my fellow inspectors had tried their hands and made a failure of it. Then I took the case and failed most ignominiously of all because I added blunder to failure.

The postmaster was an old man named Harper, and for assistants he had his two daughters, one being 19 and the other 15 years of age. Mr. Harper had held the office for 12 years when the complaints came in. The postoffice was an L of his residence, with a front added. The inspectors who preceded me had looked the ground over and left the case a mystery. Everybody said that Harper was honest itself, and the idea that the girls would tamper with the mails was not to be entertained.

The mail carrier was the first man to see to. I arrived on the ground without my identity being revealed and watched him for two weeks. There was opportunity during his eight mile drive to open the bags with a duplicate key, but I watched without result, except to be satisfied of his honesty. Then I made myself known to the postmaster and received a warm welcome. He was very much distressed about the thefts, and to the best of his knowledge and belief all had taken place in his office. There were only about 20 persons who rented boxes, and all other mail was put into the general delivery. As the father and his two daughters were the only ones handling the mail or having access to the interior of the office it seemed that one of the three must be the thief, and yet I could not bring myself to believe that. I was given the fullest opportunity to investigate, and I also did some work outside unbeknown to the postmaster.

I caused to be mailed to the patent medicine people a large number of letters, with a private number on each envelope. The first batch of ten came through all right, but out of the second two were missing. The whole ten had left Denton in the mail bag, as I well knew, and the two had either been taken en route by the carrier or by someone after their arrival at Shelby. As the carrier had brought over two passengers in his cart that trip he might be considered out of it. The mail had arrived at Shelby at 8 o'clock and been called for an hour later. Next day a batch of six letters came through all right, and so on the next, and on the third ten were received. I helped to distribute the mail and counted three letters and recorded the number. Father and daughter all knew this, and yet at 6 o'clock three of these letters, together with two for a certain merchant, which I had particularly noticed, were missing and could not be found.

That evening, after the office closed, we turned it upside down, as it were, but nothing came of it. The old postmaster was in the deepest despair, while his two daughters wept and sobbed over what they believed would be the ruin of all. As an inspector, and with such evidence before my eyes, it was my business to believe one of the three guilty, and yet I had to reason that they wouldn't be idiotic enough to purloin letters under my very nose. I simply didn't know what to think, and next morning was knocked off my feet to receive a complaint from Washington that three important letters posted at Shelby ten days before for a city only 100 miles away had been lost en route. I telegraphed for enlarged instructions, and upon receiving them I told Mr. Harper I must let go of the case temporarily for another. I shifted my quarters over to Denton, through which all mail to and from Shelby must pass, and made such arrangements with the postmaster that every letter was counted and its address taken. I mailed about 30 decoy letters in this time, and at the end of 14 days had the satisfaction of knowing that 11 different letters had somehow or other been made away with at Shelby. This was adding evidence to evidence, but I did not return to Shelby to lay the matter before the old postmaster.

I went back there in the disguise of a farmer's hired man looking for work, and luckily for me no farmer wanted a man. I therefore loitered about the village and was in and out of the postoffice half a dozen times per day—always there when the mail departed or came in. By looking through the glass door of one of the boxes I could see the general delivery box, mail tables, etc., and carefully scrutinized the conduct of the three as they did their work. I kept up this espionage for a week before anything happened. Then the mail came in one afternoon while the father was temporarily absent, and the girls opened the bag and sorted it. As they picked up the letters each pocketed one with a sly look, and you may believe me when I tell you I turned away with a heavy heart. Instead of one thief there were two, and those the handsome and winsome daughters of an honest and upright old man. It would break his heart when he learned the truth, but I must tell him, and those girls must be punished.

I went to the hotel, threw off my disguise and then returned to the postoffice. I somehow felt that the girls ought to look guilty, but they did not. They gave me a cordial greeting, hoped I gave come back to stay until the mystery was thoroughly sifted, and no persons could have borne themselves more innocently.

That night after the office was closed to the public I asked the father to my room and then went over the case with him. There could be no manner of doubt that a score or more of letters had been purloined from his office. There were three of them who had access to the mails, and one of the three must have some guilty knowledge of those letters. By no possibility could an outsider reach them. With tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks he acknowledged that my assertions and declarations were correct, but who was the thief? Did I suspect him? Could I suspect either of his daughters? Then I broke it to him as gently as I could—told him what I had seen in the afternoon and what was a fact.

For some time he argued that I must be mistaken, but finally told me to go ahead and do my duty and never mind his feelings. He had been father and mother to those girls for years, and no word or act of theirs had ever before caused him a moment's uneasiness. If they had taken two letters, they had taken all the others, and he asked me to go to the house and confront them and extort a confession. Having heard as I thought myself, I hadn't the nerve to do that, but put it off till morning. He gave me his promise to say nothing overnight, and I was at the house soon after breakfast. I sat down with the girls and went over the case, as I had with him, hoping to break them down, but they had only anxiety on their faces as they listened. Then I boldly stated what I had seen on the previous day, and the short. Both blushed and stammered and began weeping, and I took it as a confession and told the father so. He couldn't speak to them for his emotion, and when I told him they must consider themselves under arrest and a search made of their rooms he simply bowed his head in acquiescence. I wanted to keep the girls below while I searched their room, and unfortunately for me I called in the village constable to sit with them. He had to be told more or less of the case, and as soon as he was at liberty he went out to spread the news. In an hour it was known all over town that the two girls had been caught robbing the postoffice, and some of the excited people even went so far as to say that the father had probably winked at it.

My search revealed two letters from two different men in New York. They had been directed under other names, but the two girls had opened them. They had stolen these letters and forgot to destroy them. I went out and made inquiries, and then I discovered what a blunder I was. Both girls were carrying on a clandestine correspondence, using fictitious names, and these were the letters I had seen them pocket. When I asked them to confirm this theory they did so, but it was evident that in their eyes clandestine letter writing was about as bad a crime as robbing the mails. The news had gone forth that they had been detected in purloining letters, and how could I combat it? I spent the next two days in trying to explain matters to the public, but found not one man or woman who would believe me. Post-office inspectors didn't bring charges and retract them, they reasoned, and a strong petition was drawn up and sent to Washington asking that the culprits be duly punished. Letters were also written stating that I must have been bribed to act as I did and declaring that I was not a proper man for the service. You may well reason that I was unmoved to report in Washington without delay and that my reception there was anything but flattering to me. I had lost my official head before saying 30 words. It was my first and only blunder for ten years, but that didn't count. If I got a grain of comfort out of the situation, it was when I heard that several more complaints about lost letters at Shelby had just come in that day.

I left Washington with no particular aim, but on reaching Denton I made up my mind to go over to Shelby and have one more look around. I went back in my old role as hired man and entered that postoffice about half an hour after the mail had been distributed. Looking through the glass door of a box, I saw one of the girls sewing and the other reading. Behind them was an open back window, and within three feet of this window was the general delivery box. In front of the window and only two feet away was the table on which the mail packages were done up, and a score of letters were lying there to be wrapped. I had just made out these things when a good sized bird, black in color, alighted on the window sill, hopped along to the delivery box and picked off the top letter and darted away. In 15 seconds the bird was back, and in the course of ten minutes I watched her take away five letters. That bird was a magpie and the real thief, but I had ruined the reputation of a family before solving the mystery. I at once made myself known to the father, and we visited the back yard to search for the letter. There in an old dog kennel which had been tenanted for years we found them—every single one which had been missed. The magpie belonged to a neighbor, and singularly enough she had never been caught at the trick. As it was summer the back window was open all day, and there were times when only one person would be waiting on the public. With the usual cunning of her species the bird watched her chance, taking letters from both the table and the general delivery box, and a dozen other inspectors might have been put on the case without solving the mystery. I had that satisfaction, though I was not reinstated, and I also take great pleasure in saying that after awhile the people of Shelby came to believe the happy amends for what had been said and done.

Not Up to Date.
"What is little Dick bawling about?"
"Well, his grandpa gave him a gingerbread horse, and he is mad because it isn't a gingerbread wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

Frank Sherwood was down town today, the first time since he had his tussle with cholera morbus. He says he drove 30 miles after he was taken, and never came so near dying in his life. After this when he goes out in the country he will take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with him.—Missouri Valley (Iowa) Times. For sale by A. C. Ireland.



Flowers are the poetry of the earth; babies the sonnets of humanity. Banish the smiles, the dimples and the laughter of childhood and the world would become a barren wilderness, inhabited by savages. Woman's ultimate mission, duty and joy on earth are comprised in the one word, "Motherhood." Multitudes of women fail of this mission because of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. They do not understand that disorders of this description unfit them for wifehood and motherhood, and as a consequence are careless and neglectful of their health in a womanly way. Others, who realize the truth, shrink from the "examinations" and "local treatments" insisted upon by the average physician. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does away with the necessity for these obnoxious examinations and local treatments. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs that are the vestibule of human life and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the annoyances of the uncomfortable period preceding maternity and makes baby's arrival in the world easy and nearly painless. All the dangers of maternity vanish under its beneficent influence. Its use during the period of anticipation is a guarantee of the little stranger's health and an ample supply of natural nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. All medicine stores sell it. Accept no substitute that may be represented as "just as good."

For ten years I suffered untold misery," writes Mrs. Caroline King, of New Boston, Secoto Co., Ohio. "I then took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and eleven months later presented my husband with a two-year-old boy. My health is good."

Over a thousand pages of sound medical advice absolutely free, for one cent stamps, to cover mailing only, for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth-bound at \$1.00. Address: Woman's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

TALES OF THE KLONDIKE.

The Sea Captain Had Been There, and He Knew.

"Is there gold up in Klondike?" gasped the sea captain as he put down his glass of whisky. "Is there gold? Why, mate, there's enough gold in the Klondike to make a building the size of this hotel and pay the guests' board and bar bills for a year." "Queer place? Yes, mighty queer. Before I found out how queer it was I came near getting killed half a dozen times. When I first went in, a fellow bunked me into buying an old, worn-out mule who was so crippled up with rheumatism that he wasn't worth meat. I just turned him out and let him shift for himself, but he would come back home, darn him, and fight him away as many times as I liked, back he'd come for feed that was mighty scarce. One day I drove him away from the cabin he hooked his foot and pulled out a clog of mud that had caked in the hoof and frozen. I picked it up, saw something in it that looked queer, took it inside, melted it and took enough gold out of it to buy a herd of cattle. That confounded mule had been wandering around the dumps picking up stray scraps of grub and accumulating a fortune in his feet. After that I began to encourage his visits to his once unhappy home, and every time he got in I'd search him. He was up to the time he died from exhaustion the best claim on the creek."

"One day I met a couple of children who had been down in the dirt playing around until they were sights. They were too much for me even in Klondike, so I grabbed the older one by the arm and said, 'Look here, bub, you take your little sister and go right home and wash yourself.'"

"We can't," said the kid. "Pappain't there."

"Well, come down to the creek, and I'll wash you myself."

"No, you darsen't. We've been playing on pap's best claim, and it ain't safe for nobody to wash us but him. Papp'd lose the dust."—New York Journal.

A Little Too Strong.

The big man removed his foot from the luggage rack and surveyed it mournfully. "Look at that leg," he groaned, "and look at that fist," displaying his brawny hand to the company.

"Healthy!" we murmured.

"Healthy! Great Caesar, I'm the healthiest man living! Don't get a day's variety, can't get killed, can't get damaged. I've slept on railway lines and wrecked trains and awoke feeling fresher than ever. Been dropped into molten lead—not a singe, my skin's too thick. Fell from a church steeple, broke two gravestones—slight scratch on one arm. Played with rhinoceros—rhinoceros too bruised to go on. Never had a disease, been among them all—measles, mumps, whooping cough, smallpox, fevers of all colors, influenza, everything—couldn't catch any of them. Just going down to village where rabies is reported to see if I can get bitten—awful life mine."

"Unaccountable," we said.

"Unaccountable! Not a bit of it. I was brought up on Strong's Superlative Baby Food.—Advertisement."

Then we rose in a body. There was no need for that mad dog.—Pick Me Up.

TO REACH THE Red River Country

—TAKE THE HANKINS' STAGE FROM SPRINGER.

Stages leave Springer every morning except Sunday, and arrive in El Paso about the same evening. Special attention given to the comfort of passengers. For rates address

H. H. HANKINS, Cimarron, N. M.

Notice for Publication.

[Homestead Entry No. 4850].
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., January 14, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on March 18, 1898, viz: Matias Portillo, for the w. 1/2 sec. 14, c. 13, sw. 1/4, sec. 34, tp. 16 n., r. 10 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Pedro Vigil, Monico Rivera, Forbulo Vigil, Alvaro Abadon, of Santa Fe, N. M.
MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Notice for Publication.

[Homestead Entry No. 4851].
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., February 5, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on March 18, 1898, viz: Matias Portillo, for the w. 1/2 sec. 14, c. 13, sw. 1/4, sec. 34, tp. 16 n., r. 10 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Pedro Vigil, Monico Rivera, Forbulo Vigil, Alvaro Abadon, of Santa Fe, N. M.
MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Notice for Publication.

[Homestead Entry No. 384].
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., February 12, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on March 18, 1898, viz: Matias Portillo, for the w. 1/2 sec. 14, c. 13, sw. 1/4, sec. 34, tp. 16 n., r. 10 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Pedro Vigil, Monico Rivera, Forbulo Vigil, Alvaro Abadon, of Santa Fe, N. M.
MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Electric Light and Reclining Chair Cars.

On trains leaving Santa Fe daily, fast time and good service via the Santa Fe Route. Pullman tourist sleepers are running on these trains daily between Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco. Weekly tourist service has been established via the Santa Fe Route, between Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco, through reservation on these weekly lines, for particulars in regard to tourist service, call on or address any agent of the Santa Fe Route.
H. S. LUTZ, Agent.
Santa Fe, N. M.
W. J. BLACK, G. P. A., Topeka, Kas.

A. T. & S. F. TIME TABLE

(Effective January 17, 1898.)

Effective January 17, 1898.		
Down.	East Bound.	Read Up.
No. 22.	No. 17.	No. 1.
9:40 Lv. Santa Fe.	Ar. 7:50 p.	7:50 p.
2:50 Ar. Las Cruces.	Lv. 3:55 a.	1:10 p.
6:50 Ar. A. Raton.	Lv. 11:25 a.	9:05 a.
7:40 Ar. A. Trinidad.	Lv. 11:25 a.	9:05 a.
8:50 Ar. A. El Morro.	Lv. 9:40 a.	4:50 a.
12:20 Ar. A. Pueblo.	Lv. 7:50 a.	4:50 a.
1:30 Ar. A. Col. Springs.	Lv. 5:50 a.	4:50 a.
1:50 Ar. A. Col. Springs.	Lv. 5:50 a.	4:50 a.
11:20 Ar. A. La Junta.	Lv. 7:10 a.	1:25 p.
11:20 Ar. A. La Junta.	Lv. 7:10 a.	1:25 p.
11:20 Ar. A. La Junta.	Lv. 7:10 a.	1:25 p.
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11:20 Ar. A. La Junta.	Lv. 7:10 a.	1:25 p.
11:20 Ar. A. La Junta.	Lv. 7:10 a.	1:25 p.
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